





Guest Room Comforts.

VOU can always see to it that the bedside table in your guest room holds three articles which will prove their worth: a small flashlight to be used in place of the traditional match and candle; a covered tin box containing a few fresh crackers for a sleepless guest, and one of the small-sized carafes with drinking glass cover.

THE PLOTTERS

A Serial of the East and West

After a Happy Day, Anne Gives Jim a Letter From the War Department and Receives a Shock.

By Ann Lisla. CHAPTER XII. (Copyright, 1918 by King Features

Syndicate, Inc.) S Jim and I left the tea room of the Walgrave, we walk-ed aide by side-yet miles apart. A quarrel could not have estranged us more completely than my silent rejection of Setty Bryce's offer, and Jim's equally silent championship of his friend I had refused her apartment and Jim had the keys in his pocket Suddenly a voice hailed us:

"Jim Harrison! Hello, old chap! There was warmth and real af-fection in the tone. The speaker was a tall Englishman of about thirty. I liked his voice—I liked his looks-I liked everything about

Jim stopped with an air of joyous greeting, which indicated a certain relief in getting away from the exclusive society of Mrs. Har-"Winston! Terry, old chap. This

A minute later the two men were shaking hands with honest

wife-Captain Winston,"

"My wife—Captain Winston,"
said Jim, Introducing us. "Terry
Winston was my bunkie in the
royal flying corps—the very best
friend I ever had."
I could read in his voice a pieading eagerness that I be nice to
Captain Winston. And some flicker of hymor made me realize that I
must I we been pretty beastly to
most on his friends to make Jim
worry about mys attitude toward
this handsome blond giant.
"Mrs. Jimmie! Well, if this isn't
a bit of all right! to come over

a bit of all right! to come over here and to find my pal with a little wife. I didn't think Jimmie was a lady's man-but that's the kind that always has the real luck

His words, his strong hand clasp, his steady blue eyes, put me at ease. I knew that in Capt. Terry Winston I had found a friend. Presently it was arranged that Jim should run over to the Army and Navy Club with him to say hello to a few of "the boys," and that at seven my husband and I were to be Captain Winston's guests at the Carlton Roof.

I hurried upstairs to make my-self fine. Under our door there was a long official looking white envelope. I picked it up curiously. was addressed to Lieut. J. H. A wife must not open her hus-

band's letters-but she may study their postmarks. In the left hand corner of the envelope there was "War Department-Office of the

Adjutant General." What could it mean? Why should the adjutant general be writing to

Suddenly conviction swept over me. Jim was no longer fit for duty. He could never fly again. This was his dismissal from the army! I tried to picture my boy in civilian's clothes-"Fearless Jim" without his uniform. It seemed un-thinkable! The white envelope I held in my hand meant the end of

the world to Jim! I came to a fixed determination.

Nothing must mar the dinner with

Captain Winston. I would hide the letter, and give it to Jim when we came home that night.

Leter I applauded my own de-lips.

Captain Winston. I would hide the fone your bit. They haven't any right to take you again!" The words rasped their way past my dry lips. For when Captain Win-

ston talked about going "back to the front" after three months' re-cruiting work over here and fairly included Jim in his plans, I could see how joyously, how hopefully my husband responded. Only one incident marred the delightful din-ner. Captain Winston asked about "Mrs.—er —er Bryce—" and then looked at me in evident embarrass-ment. But I managed to seem un-conscious of that.

A Letter For Jim.

Home at eleven—happy, pleased with each other and the world. The incident of the keys forgotten. For a while I had even forgotten the letter and the pain it must cause Jim. But now the time had come when I must give that letter to him. I tried to find words to help him.

'Jimmie-lad. I've a letter for you-from the War Department. Whatever it says, dear, remember that I love you. I'm going to stand by. Jim, and be a real wife—the kind of a wife a soldier—needs." Jim took the envelope with fingers that trembled. He tore open the envelope, brought out a single typed sheet and ran his eyes over it. Then he looked up, a triumphant flash lighting his face.

"It's from the adjutant general's office. I'm ordered to Washington They've convened a board to ex-amine me." "To examine you?" I cried.

"Yes; to pass on my fitness for active service." Jim's voice was quiet—resigned I thought. "That would mean you must go scross again. It wouldn't be fair. I'm sure they'll see that. You've "I'm not sure that they'll take

The I think I'm fitte" began Jim.

I interrupted—I wanted to scream wild protests—but Jim looked so calm and steady that I felt I must at least pretend to be. "Why, they won't take you, dear; they couldn't! Any one can see that you aren't fit to serve. My Jimmie

has done enough." I meant to comfort him. Then Jim came a step nearer. There were red stains high on his cheekbones. His eyes flashed—but I was so caught

in the turmoil of my own pain that I didn't understand. "You think I'm a cripple, Anne? Suppose I am-even men on crutches have served at their country's need!" Even then I couldn't believe what I heard. I flung my arms around Jim as if I could hold him against the world. I hadn't realized that I

ouldn't hold him-against his own "They can't take you—it would be too cruel! You'll be able to get out

too cruel! You'll be able to get out of it—won't you?"

"Anne!" he cried; and again, "Anne! You said you would help me like a soldier's wife."

Then I understood. My arms fell helplessly at my side. They were powerless to hold Jim—but they was to street to help to support to must be strong enough to support me, as I swayed back against the bureau and felt a sharp corner pressing against me. I cried aloud in frightened pro-

"Then you want to go? You want to leave me? Perhaps—perhaps they aren't forcing you at all! Perhaps you asked them to take you!

Anecdotes of the Famous

The name of General Sukhomlinoff is familiar in Britain. Before the overthrow of Czardom he was Russia's war minister. The Bolsheviki have confiscated all his estate, and now, after earning a precarious living as a cab driver in Petrograf, the former general and diplomat is employed as a hall

John Craig, once an office boy, now chairman and managing director of the great English Dalzell Street Works, can tell a good yarn. for instance:

"The four-year-old daughter of a clergyman was alling one night and was put to hed early. As her mother was about to leave her she called her back.

"'Mamma, she said, I want to see papa." 'No, dear,' her mother replied. Papa is busy and must not be dis-

turbed.'
"'But, mamma,' the little girl declared selemnly. clared solemnly. I am a sick woman, and I want to see my min-

Few men in or out of Parliament have had such a checkered career as Arthur Lynch, M. P., who has lately been granted a commission been a colonel, but on the last occasion he served, not in the British army, but against it. He fought on the side of the Boers, and was elected M. P. for Galway in 1901. When he came back to take his seat he was tried for high treason and

was pronounced guilty. The sentence was not carried out however. He received a pardon from King Edward, and is today one of the most enthusiastic sup porters of the British cause.

Roald Amundsen, the famous Norwegian explorer, has started upon another Polar expedition. He expects to be away three years, cruising in the Arctic sea, which he is to chart; but, in case of emergencies, his ship Maul is carrying provisions for seven years.

On one of his Arctic expeditions Amundsen lost several of his dogs, and, being unable to proceed, asked native in his very best Eskime to sell him one or two. To his sur-prise the request was rather indig-nantly refused. "Nonsense!" exclaimed Amund-

en. "I have often bought dogs."

The Eakimo looked his astonishment. Then, after a veery wordy argument the explorer auddenly discovered that all the time he had been using, not the Eskime word This is not the first time he has | (or "dogs," but for "children

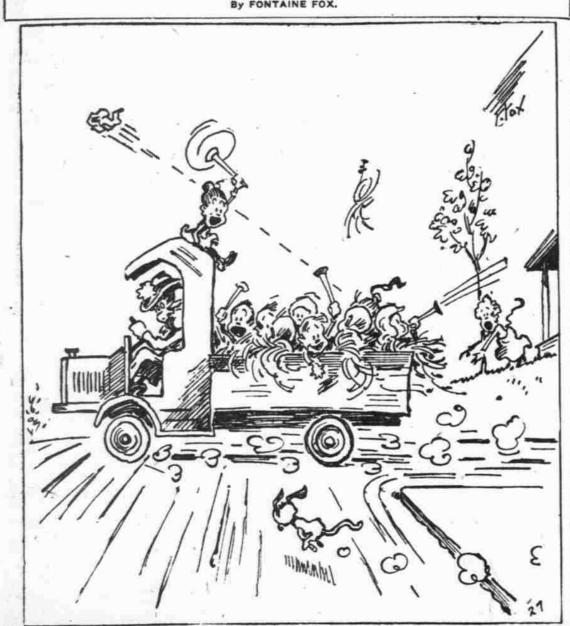
Here's Bernhardt's Granddaugter The Wolves of New York

Lysiane Bernhardt Is Here Taking the Part of a Wounded Soldier in the Company of the Great Tragedienne



Photo by International.

Tomboy Taylor's Mother Has Sworn That Never Again Will She Speak to Miss Finch Who Chaperoned the Children's Hayride.



(Copyright, 1815, by the Wheeler Syndie

He Knew Why. At a school in the country the sentence, "Mary milks the cow," was given out to be parsed. The last word was disposed of hy one neun, feminine gender, singular number, third person, and stands for Mary," "Stands for Mary?" said the pedagogue. "How do you make the pupil, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could Mary milk her?" that out?" "Because," answered

port of the married soon afterwards and now has two children. His marriage has proved
a disappointment as he is separated from his wife. Recently
I met him and learned through
a friend, his circumstances. He
appears deeply depressed. I
would love dearly to spend my
leisure moments in this man's
company, but he tells me, although nothing would please
him more, he cannot tolerate
this as it might cause gossip
and injure the reputation of
both of us. Do you think the
attitude taken by him is correct. F. M.

Strictly speaking, I dare say, your

friend is correct, and a man sepa-

rated from his wife-but not di-

verced-could not pay any attention to a former fiances without

creating comment. Such things are

hard to bear, and yet it is never

wise for a girl to flout the conven-

tions that have been designed pri-

marily for her protection.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

ADVICE TO THE Smart Bathing Wraps TAKE ONE WITH YOU ON YOUR VACATION

LOVELORN By Beatrice Fairfax. By Rita Stuyvesant.

HE severe simplicity of the bath-He Is Not Free. tates the wearing of a bath-Four years ago, while on my vacation, I met a young man whom I loved dearly. Later he proposed, but I rejected him as sister and I were the sole support of my mether and a little brother. He married soon af-

ing suit this season necessiing wrap. Although a girl may look very attractive while her suit is dry, the surf certainly makes her emerge sadly bedraggled. Yet how comfortable to be able to slip into a long soft wrap, that protects the body from being shilled by "ill winds," or guards it from the fierce rays of the summer sun. summer sun. So simple are these wraps, however, that women who are saving all they possibly can toward purchasing a new Liberty Bond are copying the wraps at home, and with remarkable

success.
Cotton eponge, wool jersey, serge, apaca, heavy silk and surf satin are the favorite materials, with a patriotic favoritism for cotton goods. There is a wide variety of colors for the bathing wrap, including black, navy blue, prune, apricot, lemon, delft blue, old rose, khaki and gold. Some are printed with colored motifs on a white background, and some vice versa. Often there is a border design

on the material.

Wraps made similar to bathrobes are popular at the seashore resorts. Made loose enough to alip into easily. they are sometimes double breaster and fastened with silk loops. Either ragian sleeves cut full or set in ones can be used, and all seams must be

can be used, and an scand must be stitched flat.

A big, wide collar, that may be relied up high and fastened, protects the neck from sunburn. For carrying bathing accessories there are two big patch pockets, stitched on the front.

ing color. Be sure to make the robe long enough to cover the figure completely, but not long enough to drag in the sand. Bathing capes are running rival

Sometimes there is a long such wrapped around the figure twice and tied in the back, although many girls prefer the loose wrap. For variation, the collar, pockets and sash could be made of a contrast-

to the bathing robes, and are really your business, please!"

charming when worn with attrac-tive caps. Very often these capes are reversible and made of rubberized silk. Cut circular, these pretty garments fall in soft folds to the ankles. They are tied together at the neck with ribbon bows with long flowing ends. A Quaker collar is a neat finish for the neck, but charming and quaint are the "Red Riding Hoods," borrowed from

fairy-tale days.

To make the hood, cut a large circle of material and run a casing for elastic about an inch from the edge making a pretty frill to frame the face. When not in use the hood may hang loosely at the back. Arm-slits should be cut at a convenient length and reinforced so that they will not tear from pressure.

Instead of pockets in the cape, there is a fascinating little rubber-ized bag, carried on the arm, to hold accessories. Fashioned in the shape of a basket (similar to the new knitting bags), the bathing bag may be brightened by a bit of em-broldery or perhaps an initial. If you would look your prettiest on the beach and also protect your skin from burning, make one of the new bathing wraps before you go on your vacation.

Sir Snobkins Snubley, who has made his money since the war, called at a certain business office. "I want to see the manager," he announced to the dainty, but businesslike, young girl at the type-

"What is your business?" she asked politely.
"None of yours!" he snapped. "I got a proposition to lay before this

firm, and I want to talk to somebody about it."
"And you would rather talk to a gentleman?"

"Yen." "Well," answered the lady, smil-ing sweetly, "so would I. But it seems that it's impossible for either of us to have our wish, so we'll have to make the best of it. State

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY Guy Becomes Excited When Lilian Tells Him of Perils Threatening His Cousin Esther.

He laughed his ghastly, hollow laugh. "You cannot destroy it," he said. "Have I not shown myself incompetent to do so? Yet I had every desire at one time to free the Borradales of its stigma."

"But if you would take us into your confidence, perhaps we might succeed where you failed. If you would but speak--

"It will be my dead tongue that speaks," he replied. He waved his arms before him as if in a vain attempt to show emotion. "Accursed be all those who bear the name Bor-radale! I would add my own curse to the heavy one they have to bear. Don't stand there gazing at me like that, woman; you madden me! I'm weary to death and I want reliefoblivion. Go-go!"

Lilian crept from the room. At the door she turned and looked at Harold for the last time. She took away an impression of a face that haunted her for the rest of her life. She drove straight back to her own house. She had intended to go elsewhere, but she felt sickened and overcome with apprehension. Was it true that Esther—and incident-ally she herself—were both in such danger from an unseen source? Was ally sine herself—were source? Was it possible to place any reliance upon the word of a man like Harold? Was he not wholly irresponsible, a poor creature who controlled his ideas of the world with those of the false one he had created for himself? Would it be wiser, now that Esther was indeed in her charge, to wait on the defensive, prepared to adopt the offensive if there seemed to be need of it?

On reaching her home Lilian found that Guy had arrived. She took him to her own boudoir, and quickly explained all that had happened. He was much concerned to learn of Esther's illness, and would listen to no more of the story till Clementine had been summoned to give a report of the patient's progress.

"I think she is better now," was Clementine's verdict. "She slept for a few minutes. But she was very restless, she threw up her hands and cried 'Harold-Harold!' I understand not all she say, but she ask for something—again and again she ask for something. The

Puss in Boots Jr.

OULD you like to land on the island?" asked the sailor who didn't seem greatly surprised at see-ing such a wonderful sight as an island suddenly coming up out of the sea, as I mentioned in the story before this.

By David Cory.

before this.

"Yes," answered Puss quickly,
"there may be more wenderful
sights to see. I certainly saw
strange things beneath the water."

To be sure you did," replied the
old sallor, who seemed to think it
not at all strange that a cat should
make a trip to Wonder Land under
the sea, and return safe and sound.
But then, you know, Puss had in
his possession many charms which
had been given him during his had been given him during his travels, and I guess they kept him

from harm.

Well, the old sailor steered his boat toward the green island, where Puss got out and, after saying good-by to his sailor friend, he set good-by to his sallor friend, he seed off to look for new adventures, and by and by, after a while, he came to a great wood, where the trees were as big around as a smoke-stack on an ocean liner. And then all of a sudden he heard the sound of a woodman's ax, and the crack-line of the heardshap as they fell to ling of the branches as they fell to

the ground.
"It must be some giant who is cutting down such great trees as these," thought Puss, and he started off for the place where the sounds came from, and by and by, after a while he saw a magic ax, chopping away all by itself at one of the tallest trees.

"Good morning, Mistress Axe," said little Puss Junior. "Doesn't it tire you to be chopping away all alone there at that old tree?" "indeed, it does, little Sir Cat. Put me in your knapsack and I will make you as famous as your father,

Puss in Boots."
So Puss picked up the axe and placed it in his knapsack, and then off once more he started on his journey of adventure. And, by and by, after a while, he came to a place where the road was hollowed out of a mass of solid rock, and here, in the distance, he heard a sharp noise like that of iron strik-

ing against stone.
"Some giant must be hammering away at rocks away up there,"
thought Puss to himself. So he began to climb the rocks on his four
feet. And when he got up to the feet. And when he got up to the top, what do you suppose he found there? A Magic Pickaxe, that all alone by itself was digging away at the hard stone as if it were soft clay. And every time that wonderful pickaxe struck a blow it went more than a foot in the rock.

"Good morning, Mistress Pickaxe," said little Puss Junior, dearn" it tire you to be digging

doesn't it tire you to be digging alone here, hollowing away at that old rock?

"Indeed, it does, my little Sir Cat. Put me in your knapsack and I will make you as famous as your father,

Puss in Boots."
So Puss picked up the pickaxe and put it in his knapsack, and in the next story I'll tell you what happened after that. (Copyright, 1918, David Cory). To Be Continued.

doctor—he come with the nurse, and he listen to her cries and shake his head. He gave her soothing medi-

cine, so now she sleep."
"Oh, the doctor has been..."
"Yes, madame, but he come again tonight. He beg me to say that she do well."
"Thank God!" cried Guy.
After Clemenetine had departed,

After Clemenetine had departed, Lilian continued her story. Guy became very excited as he learn-ed of the dangers to which Esther had been subjected and of the drugging. Like Lilian, he cried, "The man is mad; he ought not to be at liberty."

"I expect Dr. Brooke will say the

"I expect Dr. Brooke will say the same thing when he comes tonight," and Lilian. "I never saw a man so astounded as he appeared when I met him outside Harold's house. He was inclined to be doubtful about me, but he has quite altered his tone now. He may be very useful to us."

"So you propose to take active.

"So you propose to take active steps to fight these enemies of Es-ther's—shosts, bogies, or whatever they are?" said Guy. "Well, Lilian. I'm with you heart and soul in the

"That was my idea. I thought we'd take Edgar Swan into our confidence...." "He's a smart man, and I've a notion he knows more than he will admit. I can bring him here to-morrow."

"But after what I have told you of my interview with Harold today, do you think we would be doing wisely to interfere?"
"I wouldn't back out of it for Harold," cried Guy, who was al-

ways welcoming a new idea with enthusiasm. "I don't think the fellow knows what he says. Any-how, let's consult Swan."

So if was arranged that Guy should bring the detective to join in a consultation the next day. "We'll get to the bottom of it,"

"We'll get to the bottom of it," cried Guy with energy. "I'll take my oath upon it."

After a few moments, and as if struck by a sudden idea. "By the bye," he said, "there was an ugly-looking fellow standing by the door when I came in."

"Your talking about the gypsies at Helm reminded me of it. I felt inclined to ask him what the devil he wanted. He looked like a gypsy."

Lilian looked disturbed, "Like a

Lilian looked disturbed. "Like a gypsy." she asked. "Tell me about him, Guy."

"He looked at me rather curiously when I went in, with a kind of spitaful leer. Then he moved on. It's rather dark out, and I soon lost sight of him."

"I don't like it," Lilian's face was grave. "Of course, it may have

grave. "Of course, it may have been nothing. We get lots of beg-gars here, but"—, At this moment there came an interruption. The door was thrown open without warning, and Clemen-

open without warning, and tine ran in.
"Oh, madame, oh, madame!" she cried, breathlessly.
"What is it, Clementine? What is "The children," gasped the wo-

"Yes yes what about them?" "They have run away—or they have been stolen—I know not which!"

XXVI-AN OLD LOVE REVIVED. It was a little while before a connected story could be gathered from the excited woman. And even from the excited woman. And even when she was rather calmer it transpired that she herself knew very little, so it was necessary to, send for the weeping nursemaid who had been in charge of the children. From her, though not with, out difficulty, the facts were elicited.

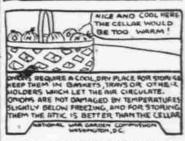
She had gone, according to her instructions, into the park. But, instead of keeping to the paths, as she had been particularly advised to do, she made for the open space by the Worth Monument, where street orators are wont to congre-gate. While listening with wrapt gate. While listening with wrapt attention to a brilliant outburst of rhetoric from a street orator, she allowed her eyes to wander from her charges, in spite of their rather independent spirit, of which she was full conscious.

Suddenly becoming aware of the fact that they were not by her side,

she looked round anxiously and saw them standing by the curb, talking to the occupant of a closed carriage—at least, she thought that they —at least, she thought that they were doing so—and being new to the place, and knowing nothing of the history of her charges, it did not strike her as at all curious that they should be doing this. What more natural that some acquaintance, passing in a carriage, should have seen the children, and stopped to talk with them? For all the nursemaid knew it might have been Mrs. Willoughby herself. Reassured, she turned her attention once re to oratory.

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TO KEEP ONIONS



Free books of instruction on drying and canning have been issued by the National War Garden Commission. They may be obtained from any of The Washington Times distributing sta-